THE WONDERFUL

SLEEP-WALKER

Or, the Singular Adventures of a Young Lady in this Neighbourhood.

LAST night a most remarkable and ludicrous circumstance took place in the house of a respectable tradesman in this neighbourhood, whose name, through the delicacy of the case, and the reputation and esteem in which he is held, we refrain from mentioning. For a considerable length of time his adorable young spouse was in the habit of walking in her sleep, which the husband at various times informed her of, but she as often gave her husband strict injunctions not to disturb her while in that state, lest it might be the means of occasioning her death. He followed this precaution for a long time in hopes that it might wear off, but night after night, week after week, and month after month, passed without the slighest hope of her refraining from it. At length strong suspicion arose in his mind that all was not right, he having at various times observed his wife in close conversation, appearing at the same time to pay great attention to the accomplished and interesting Shopman, where it appeared a great partiality existed, and he was determined, let the consequence be what it would, to follow her during her night's career, and to see at whose shrine her nightly visits were paid. Accordingly, last night his fair paramour left her couch at the usual hour to take her solitary walk, (little suspecting the suspicions that arose in her husband's breast) & traversed from one apartment to the other, until she arrived at the room occupied by the handsome Shopman, to whom she paid her nightly devotions, while her poor husband was encumbered with horns projecting from his head during her stay. The husband was lying on his couch ruminating in what manner to act, and she having staid longer than usual. he arose with his mind greatly agitated, and followed the same way which she had taken until he arrived at the Shopman's chamber when hearing the soft whispers of his wife, he instantly retreated and procured a horse whip wilh which he entered the apartment and found his faithless wife enfolded in the arms of his rival: he instantly began to lay on with all his might upon the back of his offending wife, who cried aloud for mercy, saying, in her sleep she has made a mistake by taking that bed for her own. He instantly ordered the Shopman to prepare for his discharge in the morning.

A GALLANT NEW SONG.

COME neighbours attend to my comical song
Here's a spick and span new one, not very long
Concerning a tradesman now living hard by,
Who's wife with the Shopman did kiss on the sly.

Said the Tradesman I'll watch till I find my wife out,
For the horns on my head are fast growing no doubt
So that very same night, while pretending to sleep
His wife left her bed, and down stairs she did creep.

Then up sprung the tradesman, and took a good whip
And after his wife so softly did trip
To the room of his Shopman, he follow'd her close
Preparing to have a kiss under the rose.

The Lady and Shopman so lovingly stood,
When in sprung the husband; all boiling his blood,
He stood not to talk, but as fierce as a Turk
On both of their backs the horsewhip went to work.

The wife she did hallo and shout with such might
She alarmed the neighbours, it being midnight
The Shopman he skip'd like a frightened mouse
Then seizing his clothes, he ran out of the house.

The very next morning before break of day,
The wife pack'd her clothes up, and walked away
How her husband rejoices he's lost a bad wife
And swears he'll be happy the rest of his life.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

STEEP-WALKER